

CHARIVARIA.

Reuter informs us that part of the expedition which was got ready by the Persian Government to oppose the ex-Shah consisted of "500 reformed cavalry." Men, we take it, who no longer swear like troopers.

The L.C.C. statistics for 1909-10 show that the Council's cars carried 211,046,384 penny fares, and 112,803,105 halfpenny fares. We presume that now that it has been demonstrated that the penny fares are more popular than the halfpenny ones, the latter will be abolished.

Fanny's First Play has now passed its 100th performance. Not a bad record for a first attempt.

Unemployed actors and actresses will be glad to hear that relief works on a vast scale are in preparation. In Professor REINHARDT's dramatic spectacle at Olympia work will be found for no fewer than 2,000 persons, while Mr. MARTIN HARVEY will have a stage crowd of 500 in his production of *Œdipus Rex*.

A large rattle-snake was reported to have escaped, the other day, from Bostock's Jungle, a reward of £25 being offered to any person returning it alive, and there was scarcely one of us who did not make a careful search in his salad before eating the same.

Some papers have no luck. In a paragraph of twelve lines concerning Captain ADRIAN JONES's statuary for the arch at the top of Constitution Hill, *The Evening Times* referred to it once as "The Quadragi," once as "The Quadrag," and only once as "The Quadriga."

"There is," says a contemporary, "a mysterious absence of common house-flies from London this summer." The refined house-flies are having it all their own way.

"Several anonymous contributions of buttons have been received," states the Parish Magazine of St. Paul's Church, Yarmouth, "and we are still wondering how to use these gifts as, from obvious reasons, they are unsuited

to the needs of the heathen." The donors ought certainly to have attached trousers to the buttons.

"MILK SHORTAGE."

RESULT OF THE DRY WEATHER.
We don't like the sound of this. It is not pleasant to think that, the more water there is, the more milk.

During the heat snap the following petulant notice appeared in *The*

The poet continues:—

"And I remember like yesterday
The earliest Cockney who came my way,
When he pushed through the forest that
lined the Strand . . ."

So the forest of Aldwych is evidently older than we had imagined.

"MR. WILLIAM ARCHER
RUN DOWN BY A WARSHIP,"

reports *The Daily Chronicle*. It was, it seems, an American warship, and presumably Mr. ARCHER had been criticising adversely an American play.

At the duel between M. HENRY BERNSTEIN and M. GUSTAVE TERY neither combatant was hit, but one of the photographers had a narrow escape from being shot. It is thought that as a result of this the Press may give the cold shoulder to duels, which will then die a natural death.

Two advertisements from *The Morning Post* of the 14th inst.:—

"Small Fox Terrier lost in Campden Hill . . . Anyone returning same to Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, will be rewarded."

"White Kitten lost in vicinity of Campden Hill . . . Anyone returning same to Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, will be rewarded."

Surely this points to an elopement?

Some surprise is being expressed by ill-informed persons because the Universal Races Congress is not being held in the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush.

Says *The Evening Times*, describing a certain cricket match:—"Strudwick and Hitch, the last man, struggled whole-heartedly for runs,

and most certainly pleased the crowd more than all the other spectators put together." We ourselves always regard the batting of spectators with indifference.

"On the first evening the hostess generally accompanies the ladies to their rooms to see if they have everything they require; if not, good-nights are said when they have reached the head of the staircase."—*Queen*.

Hostess. "Have you everything you require?"

Guest. "No."

Hostess (at head of staircase). "Then good-night, dear."



IF YOU SHOULD SEE ANY LITTLE THING YOU WANT IN THAT PET OLD CURIOSITY SHOP OF YOURS, BUY IT NOW.



TO-MORROW MAY BE TOO LATE. NEIGHBOURHOODS CHANGE SO QUICKLY NOWADAYS.

British Weekly:—"Contributors are particularly requested not to send verses. They are not wanted in any circumstances, and cannot be printed, acknowledged, or returned."

Says the River Thames in Mr. KIPLING's History Book:—

"I remember the bat-winged lizard-birds,
The Age of Ice and the mammoth herds,
And the giant tigers that stalked them down
Through Regent's Park into Camden Town."

It is good to think that nowadays the tigers, though still in Regent's Park, are so well looked after that Camden Town can sleep comfortably at nights.

A RUN ON THE ELIBANK.

[From the Post-bag of the Chief Ministerial Whip.]

DEAR MASTER OF ELIBANK,—Nobody who calls himself a Radical and a gentleman would for one moment think of pressing his own claim to a place among the 500; and naturally I have no desire for any reward but that of a good conscience. It is permissible, however, to call your attention to the overwhelming claims of Robert Bilton, who fought so strenuously, though without success, for the good cause in Birchester, East. My own hard-fought contest in a neighbouring division gave me the opportunity of observing his loyalty, his disinterestedness and his considerable wealth. He has, of course, no idea that I am writing to you on his behalf.

Yours faithfully, JOSEPH BULPER.

DEAR MASTER OF ELIBANK,—I hope I am too true a Liberal to be suspected of any desire to advance my own claim to a place among the 500. But I have it on my heart to call your attention to the exceptional merits of Joseph Bulper, who fought so well, though without good fortune, to capture the Tory stronghold in Birchester, West. My own similar contest in a neighbouring constituency afforded me a chance of recognising his high character and generous temperament. Loyal, disinterested, and extremely affluent, he is the very type that you need for the purification of the House of Peers. I may add that I am writing without his knowledge.

Yours faithfully, ROBERT BILTON.

DEAR MASTER OF ELIBANK,—Though at one time it seemed almost too absurdly good to be true, it looks, after all, as if your list of prospective Peers, among whom I have the honour of being included, may not have been made in vain. Most of the Unionist organs are playing magnificently into our hands. But I confess that I had a moment's disquietude on being shown by a Tory friend a letter that he had received from another Tory. It is so exceptionally intelligent that I quote it to you:—

"If the Peers," it says, "take the advice of the more hysterical Tory prints, they will be falling straight into the trap which the Radicals have laid for them, just as they fell when they threw out the Budget. 'No surrender! Be true to yourselves! *Noblesse oblige!*'—you know the silly jargon. They are inciting the Peers to bring permanent dishonour and ridicule on their Order, just for the sake of enjoying the credit of a little cheap courage. The House of Lords would never recover from the contempt into which it would be brought by this influx of 500 climbers from heaven knows where. And what will become of the reforms faintly adumbrated in the Preamble? Why should a Liberal Government trouble about the reconstruction of a House in which they would then have a majority? The Tories didn't when they had the chance.

"I am sick of all this slush about fighting in the last ditch. If you know that you have to bow to the inevitable, what is there so heroic about a last ditch? Why not do your bowing with a good grace in the last ditch but one?"

"So far the Peers have been scrupulously reasonable in their amendments, and history will so judge them. But I give nothing for their position in history or anywhere else if, for the sake of a tawdry exhibition of what is known as British grit, but would actually be nothing better than a childish impotent act of bravado, they brought eternal ridicule on their House and Order."

This letter, as I say, gave me a moment's disquietude, but I tell myself that it is only a rare case of wisdom

crying out among a multitude of fools. You will, I am sure, do your best to encourage the noisy jingoism of the Tory Press.

Yours, in the sanguine hope that the Peers will once more fall into our trap, THEOPHILUS GOLDBERG.

DEAR MASTER OF ELIBANK,—It has been pointed out in the Tory Press that the list of new Peers to be created for the express purpose of passing the Parliament Bill through an unreformed Second Chamber will be greeted throughout the country with a howl of derision. I am prepared to face that music. The spirit of patriotism which animates me can perhaps best be expressed in the form of poetry; and I have pleasure in appending the following lines:—

There was a time when Liberal seers
Clamoured aloud for this *agendum*—
To take the hopeless House of Peers
And (as they put it) end or mend 'em;
Our stalwarts took a solemn oath
Thus to conclude a tedious matter,
To excavate the cankerous growth
And cure or kill—for choice, the latter.

But now we know a better way,
A milder, more polite solution;
"Let us beware, dear friends," we say,
"Of tampering with the Constitution;
The thing is really sound enough;
All this hereditary rot 'll
Be stopped if we but pour new stuff
Into the ancient vintage bottle."

There may be risks we can't escape;
Wines from the backwood, old and crusted,
May ill combine with last year's grape,
The bottles may be rudely busted;
Yet count on me for this high end;
An altruist, devout and hearty,
My very blood, a fruity blend,
I'd sacrifice to serve my Party.

It is not for me to say whether there are signs of humour in the above; but, if you trace any, I trust that it will not be a bar to my inclusion in a list which must have caused you much merriment in the making.

Yours very truly, GRAHAM GRIMSHAW.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter of even date in which you acknowledge my offer of £5,000 for a peerage. I note your suggestion that some guarantee should be given of my intention to vote straight on the Parliament Bill and so fulfil the purpose of my creation. I shall be happy to deposit with you certificates of stock to the value of £2,500 as security for my good faith.

Yours obediently, MADINGLEY GRILLSON.

DEAR SIR,—You have no doubt taken measures to secure that your new Peers shall vote straight on the Parliament Bill. But have you taken similar measures with regard to the Home Rule Bill, which is the real object of the present Constitutional changes? Have you ever sounded your prospective creations on this subject? Have you submitted your list for the approval of Mr. JOHN REDMOND? If not, there will be trouble. I write without any ulterior motive, being solely concerned that your list should be as perfect as possible (humanly speaking).

Yours faithfully, EBENEZER HOBBS.

P.S.—In my constituency, which by the way has always returned a Liberal by an overwhelming majority, my own soundness on Home Rule is a matter of universal remark.

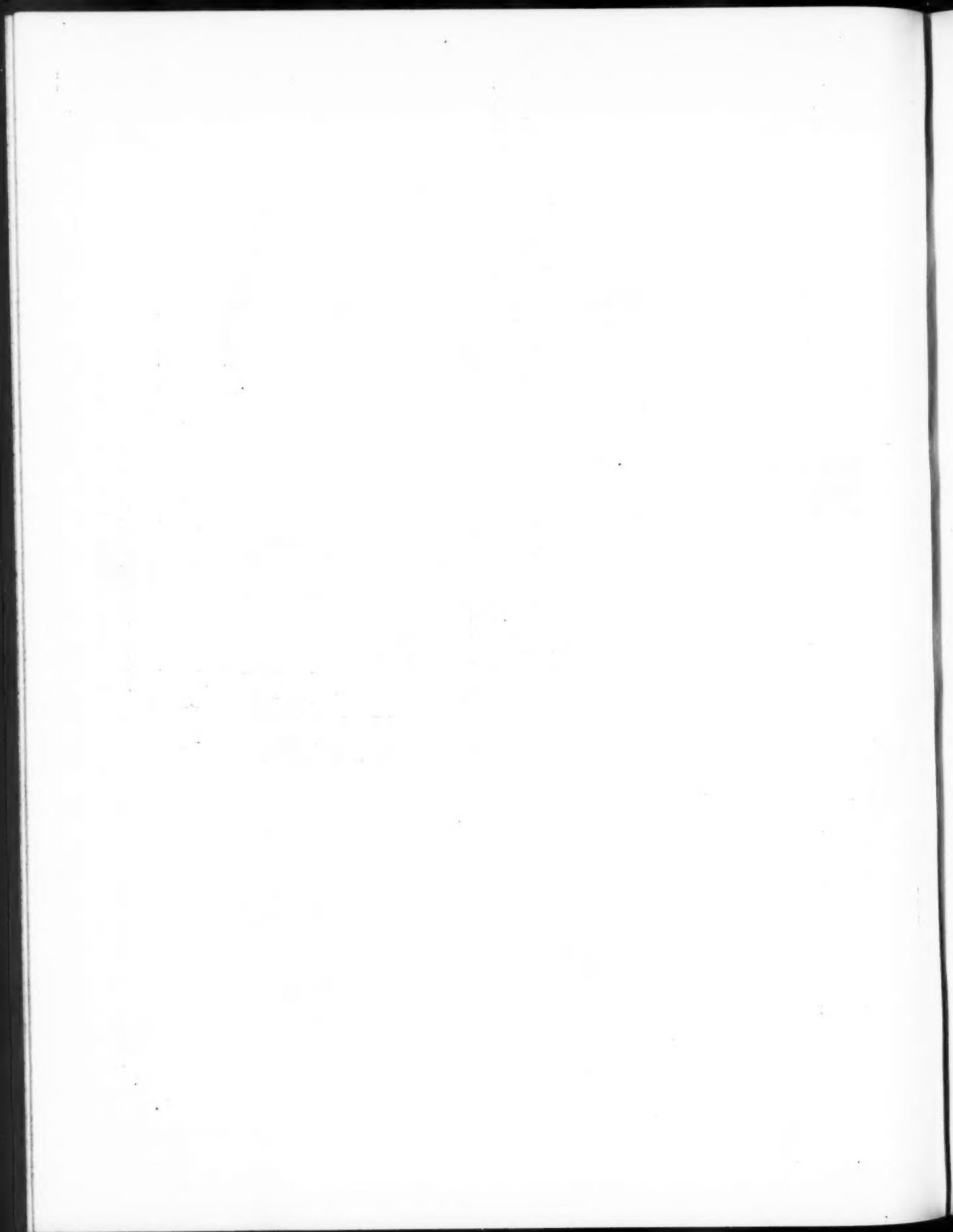
Mr. Joshua Jabbererombie presents compliments to the MASTER OF ELIBANK, and must say that in the present



A SPANISH DIVERSION.

FRANCE. "EXCUSE MY INTERRUPTING OUR DELIGHTFUL CONVERSATION; BUT MY YOUNG FRIEND HERE WANTS SMACKING."
GERMANY. "CERTAINLY; FAR BE IT FROM ME TO MONOPOLISE YOUR ATTENTION."

[Another regrettable "Franco-Spanish incident" is reported from Alcazar.]





Umpire (whose favourite bowler has been knocked out of bounds). "YOU KNOW, YOUNG GENTLEMAN, THAT WASN'T A BALL TO HIT."
Batsman. "NO? I DESSAY YOU'RE RIGHT. IT DOES SEEM TO HAVE GIVEN A LOT OF TROUBLE."

congested state of the Coronet Market, he regards £5,000 as too high a figure for the Party Funds to demand as the charge for a Peerage. He proposes to await the promised slump in prices. Meanwhile he ventures to ask for information on one point. Are *no* Titles going to be given *gratis* for pure merit?

DEAR MURRAY,—As you know, I have not the faintest wish to become a peer. These new titles only impress the vulgar, cost you a lot of money at hotels, and make you the object of ridicule among your friends. But my wife, the dearest of snobs, has worked so hard to make a nobleman of me that I cannot bear to have her disappointed. I appeal therefore to your well-known gallantry.

Yours sincerely, BERTRAM PETER-JONES.

[NOTE. In view of a recent legal decision it is perhaps well to say that none of the above names, except that of the MASTER OF ELIBANK, is taken from life.]

O. S.

THE SWEETS THAT CLOYED.

LOVE, so the experts have agreed, is blind;
If that indeed be so, alas! for me
Who have been forced by Fate, the cruel-kind,
Reluctantly to see.

My hopeful heart, through some myopic days,
Ere that stern oculist had made me whole,
Deemed it had found, while sunning in your praise,
In you a sister-soul.

Then voicing you my verse, O Dorothea,
My proud heart harboured not the faintest doubt,
Nor ever dreamed you had no least idea
What it was all about.

And all seemed well until relentless Fate
Constrained our footsteps to the R.A. show,
To rush and chatter at the usual rate
Through row on weary row.

You "loved *all* Art," and eagerly embarked
Upon your task with conscientious bliss,
Pencilled and catalogued, and duly marked
"Things Auntie mustn't miss."

While I whose pen had won your cherished praise,
Full sweet, though somewhat nebulous perhaps,
Hung on your lips: whom would you grant the bays
Amongst these painter chaps?

And thus you spake:—"O! *that's* sweet, isn't it?"
"*There's* a sweet thing!" And still you would repeat—
"Look, this is rather, *rather* a sweet bit;
And that one, that's *just* sweet!"

And so with scores—pathetic, tragic, droll;
I did my loyal best to deem you right,
But that fond notion of a sister-soul
Somehow, alas! took flight.

And now, though still you pour the once-loved meed
To cheer my Muse, in the old generous streams,
I feel as one whom Fate condemns to feed
Solely on chocolate-creams.

"MALES FOR ST. KILDA."—*Aberdeen Evening Gazette.*

"There's a man wanted there!"

"The moralist may wonder whether Lord Rosebery might not have proved a more stable politician if he had not owned Derby winners."

The Star.

Is "stable" quite the *mot juste*?

THE HOUSE WARMING.

III.—UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

SOMETIMES I do a little work in the morning. Doctors are agreed now that an occasional spell of work in the mornings doesn't do me any harm. My announcement at breakfast that this was one of the mornings was greeted with a surprised enthusiasm which was most flattering. Archie offered me his own room where he does his thinking; Simpson offered me a nib; and Dahlia promised me a quiet time till lunch. I thanked them all and settled down to work.

But Dahlia didn't keep her promise. My first hour was peaceful, but after that I had enquiries by every post. Blair looked in to know where Myra was; Archie asked if I'd seen Dahlia anywhere; and when finally Thomas's head appeared in the doorway I decided that I had had enough of it.

"Oh, I say," began Thomas, "will you come and—but I suppose you're busy."

"Not too busy," I said, "to spare a word or two for an old friend," and I picked up the dictionary to throw at him. But he was gone before I could take aim.

"This is the end," I said to myself, and after five minutes more decided to give up work and seek refreshment and congenial conversation. To my surprise I found neither. Every room seemed to be empty, the tennis lawn was deserted, and Archie's cricket-bag and Simpson's golf-clubs rested peacefully in the hall. Something was going on. I went back to my work and decided to have the secret out at lunch.

"Now then," I said, when that blessed hour arrived, "tell me about it. You've deserted me all morning, but I'm not going to be left out."

"It's your fault for shutting yourself up."

"Duty," I said, slapping my chest—"duty," and I knocked my glass over with an elbow. "Oh, Dahlia, I'm horribly sorry. May I go and stand in the corner?"

"Let's talk very fast and pretend we didn't notice it," said Myra, helping me to mop. "Go on, Archie."

"Well, it's like this," said Archie. "A little while ago the Vicar called here."

"I don't see that that's any reason for keeping me in the background. I have met clergymen before and I know what to say to them."

"When I say a little while ago I mean about three weeks. We'd have asked you down for the night if we'd known you were so keen on clergymen. Well, as the result of that unfortunate

visit, the school treat takes place here this afternoon, and lorblessme if I hadn't forgotten all about it till this morning."

"You'll have to help, please," said Dahlia.

"Only don't spill anything," said Thomas.

They have a poor sense of humour in the Admiralty.

I took a baby in each hand and wandered off to look for bees. Their idea, not mine.

"The best bees are round here," I said, and I led them along to the front of the house. On the lawn was Myra, surrounded by about eight babies.

"Two more for your collection," I announced. "Very fine specimens. The word with them is bees."

"Aren't they darlings? Sit down, babies, and the pretty gentleman will tell us all a story."

"Meaning me?" I asked in surprise. Myra looked beseechingly at me as she arranged the children all round her. I sat down near them and tried to think.

"Once upon a time," I said, "there was a—a—there was a—was a—a bee."

Myra nodded approvingly. She seemed to like the story so far. I didn't. The great dearth of adventures that could happen to a bee was revealed to me in a flash. I saw that I had been hasty.

"At least," I went on, "he thought he was a bee, but as he grew up his friends felt that he was not really a bee at all, but a dear little rabbit. His fur was too long for a bee."

Myra shook her head at me and frowned. My story was getting too subtle for the infant mind. I determined to straighten it out finally.

"However," I added, "the old name stuck to him, and they all called him a bee. Now then I can get on. Where was I?"

But at this moment my story was interrupted.

"Come here," shouted Archie from the distance. "You're wanted."

"I'm sorry," I said, getting up quickly. "Will you finish the story for me? You'd better leave out the part where he stings the Shah of PERSIA. That's too exciting. Good-bye." And I hurried after Archie.

"Help Simpson with some of these races," said Archie. "He's getting himself into the dickens of a mess."

Simpson had started two races simultaneously: hence the trouble. In one of them the bigger boys had to race to a sack containing their boots, rescue their own pair, put them on, and race back to the starting-point. Good. In the other the smaller boys,

each armed with a paper containing a problem in arithmetic, had to run to their sisters, wait for the problem to be solved, and then run back with the answer. Excellent. Simpson at his most inventive. Unfortunately, when the bootless boys arrived at the turning post, they found nothing but a small problem in arithmetic awaiting them, while on the adjoining stretch of grass young mathematicians were trying, with the help of their sisters, to get into two pairs of boots at once.

"Hallo, there you are," said Simpson. "Do help me; I shall be mobbed in a moment. It's the mothers. They think the whole thing is a scheme for stealing their children's boots. Can't you start a race for them?"

"You never ought to go about without somebody. Where's Thomas?"

"He's playing rounders. He scored a rounder by himself just now from an overthrow. But we shall hear about it at dinner. Look here, there's a game called 'Twos and Threes.' Couldn't you start the mothers at that? You stand in twos, and whenever anyone stands in front of the two then the person behind the two runs away."

"Are you sure?"

"What do you mean?" said Simpson.

"It sounds too exciting like that. I can't believe it."

"Go on, there's a good chap. They'll know how to play all right."

"Oh, very well. Shall I ask them to take their boots off first or not?"

Twos and Threes was a great success.

I found that I had quite a *flair* for the game. I seemed to take to it naturally.

By the time our match was finished Simpson's little foot-wear trouble was over and he was organising a grand three-legged race.

"I think they are all enjoying it," said Dahlia.

"They love it," I said; "Thomas is perfectly happy making rounders."

"But I meant the children. Don't you think they love it too? The babies seem so happy with Myra."

"They're sweet," I agreed. "It was as much as I could do to tear myself away from them."

"I hope they all had enough to eat at tea."

"Allowing for a little natural shyness I think they did well. And I didn't spill anything. Altogether it has been rather a success."

Dahlia stood looking down at the children, young and old, playing in the field beneath her, and gave a sigh of happiness.

"Now," she said, "I feel the house is really warm." A. A. M.



ON THE AEROPLANE ROUTE BETWEEN HENDON AND BROOKLANDS.

BEFORE THEIR TIME.

The discovery by a modern oculist that the life-long eye trouble of Mr. PEPPYS not only could have easily been put right by proper glasses but was the cause of serious obliquity of observation has already given historians profoundly to think. PEPPYS's myopia made him inaccurate all through. In other words, it was not CHARLES II. and his Court that were wrong, but the diarist. His inability to see straight has brought lasting infamy on one of the purest periods of English history. NELL GWYNNE was really a devout Orange woman, all her sympathies being in Holland. LOUISE DE KEROUAILLE was a *religieuse* of unusual attainments. CHARLES himself, although no doubt fond of female society, sought it entirely for moral and intellectual stimulus. PEPPYS, however, having come upon the scene too early to be fitted with such spectacles as are now within the reach of every German clerk, saw wrong, and wrote wrong, and the gravest injustice has resulted.

Hard on this staggering revelation comes another, even more remarkable. HENRY VIII.'s idiosyncrasies, it has been ascertained, were due not to any depravity or self-will of his own encouragement, but wholly to suppressed chilblains, which, had they been taken in time by modern medical skill, would have quickly succumbed to treatment. HENRY VIII.'s musical

accomplishments are well known and have been illustrated at his lectures by Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE. That distinguished antiquary has, it is rumoured, made this discovery, which will revolutionise the view, hitherto taken by most historians, of the character of that much-canvassed monarch. From a fragment of a diary kept by the King when a boy of fifteen, and now deciphered for the first time, it appears that his lessons on the spinet were a source of great discomfort to him during the winter months owing to the severe chilblains from which he suffered. Further discoveries point to the fact that, owing to the drastic treatment then in vogue, the chilblains were driven into his system, and in this suppressed or cryptic form continued to torment him at intervals throughout his life, the accessions of the complaint exactly coinciding with those harsh and homicidal acts for which he has been so generally condemned. In fact, adapting the much-quoted couplet of Mr. KIPLING, we may say:—

"Never the stings of chilblains in his finger joints awake,
But a wife is beheaded by Harry or a prisoner sent to the stake."

Had only the resources of modern medicine been available KING HENRY VIII., so the eminent musical antiquary persuasively argues, would not only have dispensed with repeated divorces, but would probably have been the first royal Mormon and hexagamist, and a

very charming one to boot, affable and considerate to all manner of folk.

Again, the American savant, Dr. Cyrus Earwaker, fired by the PEPPYS revelations, has been making a study of SUTONIUS, and has discovered that that biographer, hitherto so respected, was suffering all his life, unknown to the rudimentary medical profession then available for Roman disorders, from chronic dyspepsia, which had the effect, unobserved in that dark age, but now known to be a common accompaniment, of so distorting his brain that no verity could emerge from it. The far-reaching consequences of such a malady will at once spring to the mind. It is, for example, chiefly upon the testimony of SUTONIUS that the world has based its low opinion of NERO. But, since SUTONIUS was doomed by his weakness to a life which may be described as one long terminological inexactitude, it follows that everything that he says about NERO is wrong. NERO, for instance (to take but one case), so far from fiddling while Rome burned, was so much of a virtuoso that he burned with impatience and irritation whenever Rome fiddled. Had SUTONIUS, Dr. Earwaker now tells us, merely taken a dose of Rügen salts every other morning, his dyspepsia would have vanished and his writings be authentic. But Rügen salts were then unknown; Dr. Earwaker was unknown; and the world has been misled.

THE TRIALS OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

III.

Friday.—Amongst my letters this morning was one which I confess gave me a thrill of satisfaction. It ran thus:—

DEAR MADAM,—As a profound admirer of your poems, I should regard it as a sacred privilege to be allowed to make your acquaintance during my stay in the old country. Should you be visiting London during the next fortnight, I should be inexpressibly proud to call upon you then; otherwise I venture to suggest that I should run down by train to pay my respects to the most inspired British poetess.

Yours reverently,
MIRIAM STOOKER,
President of the Semiramis Club,
Chicago.

The letter was dated from an address in Jermyn Street and written in a picturesque handwriting. I have had many appreciative notices of my poems in the Press; but until to-day no one has crossed the Atlantic to see me. It was therefore with a certain amount of pride that I read the letter to Peter. To my amazement he abstained from any jocular or disparaging remarks, and simply said, "You can't let Miriam come all the way from London for an afternoon call. You must ask her to stop the night; then I can take a day off and give her a game of golf at Huntercombe." This was quite nice of Peter, but I couldn't help asking: "How can you possibly tell whether she can play golf, or would care to play with you?" "Play golf? I should just think——" Here Peter broke off unaccountably and then went on, "A girl with a name like that is sure to be able to hit a saucy bang from the tee. Anyhow, you send her a wire at once and say I'm dying to meet her: 'The thought of you, dear Miriam, excites me to delirium.'" So I wrote the telegram. Peter went off in high spirits, and I settled down to a studious morning, exhilarated by the anticipation of Miss Stoker's visit.

This was my morning for musical composition. Until lately I had thought of taking lessons in the technique of composition, but WAGNER's example, as recorded in his Autobiography, has proved them to be unnecessary. Teaching, text-books and exercises filled him with repulsion and disgust. For him "music was a spirit": for me, too, it shall be the same. My plan is very simple. I improvise at the pianoforte; the phonograph takes down my inspirations;

Miss Peveril subsequently reduces them to musical notation, and the composition is then sent to Mr. Basil Urquhart, Mus.Bac., to revise the MS. and prepare it for the printer. Just now I am engaged on six Miniatures entitled "Ecstasy," "Exaltation," "Equanimity," "Resignation," "Dejection," and "Despair." Mr. Urquhart tells me he thinks that M. Pommeloff would play them at one of his recitals if I paid him a hundred guineas; but Peter will not hear of it. As he put it, "I am still an agile old antelope, but I can't spring to that."

Just before lunch received a telegram from Miss Stoker: "Charmed to come to-morrow." In the afternoon practised cosmic gymnastics, ethical deep breathing, and gave Lilith her first lesson in esoteric arithmetic. On his return Peter immensely pleased to hear Miss Stoker is coming, and drank her health at dinner.

Saturday.—Too unsettled by the prospect of my visitor to do any great work this morning. Practised attitudes suitable to the reception of a distinguished stranger and composed a few deprecatory remarks. Had my hair done by Bateson in the Greek style with a pink fillet, and dressed Lilith in her white satin frock with Afghan sandals. I write this on the lawn where I am awaiting Miss Stoker.

7 P.M. This has indeed been a strange and perturbing experience. Our guest arrived in the motor, which fetched her from the station in time for lunch. She is a tall and striking-looking young woman with a rich contralto speaking voice and charming manners. Her mode of greeting me was quite original. Advancing across the lawn, she knelt down by my chair, seized my hand and kissed it, saying, "And this is the hand that wrote *Spindrift and Gossamer*. Oh joy unspeakable! To think that I should be allowed to gaze on the English Corinna." Her emotion drove all my rehearsed remarks out of my head and I could only utter some commonplace civilities. At that moment Lilith came running out, and Miss Stoker broke into a fresh outburst of admiration. "Angelic cherub! Doth not her brow bespeak intellect!" Then she quoted something that sounded like Greek, and I had to pretend that I understood it. To relieve the strain I suggested a turn round the garden before lunch. But her eulogies never ceased. It was a perfect carnival of panegyric, and more than once I found myself blushing at the exuberance of her praise. At lunch, however, I induced her to tell me something about herself, and my moral

temperature was at once lowered. She is a professional musician and has been studying at Vienna. She has been a pupil of Max Reger and of Ravel. She speaks French, German and Italian perfectly. She has composed an opera, to a libretto of her own, which has been accepted at Weimar. After lunch she wished to hear some of my music, but a wise instinct impelled me to decline, and I got her to play me her opera instead. The result was at once delightful and humiliating. She plays and sings divinely; her music is extraordinarily interesting; and the whole thing inspired me with a horrid misgiving. Am I a genius or a perfect fraud? This astonishing creature knows ten times as much as I do, and, what is worse, she can do the things splendidly that I have to get other people to help me to do indifferently.

(To be continued.)

BALLADE OF THE FOREST IN SUMMER.

FRA CRUACHAN tae Aberdeen

The hinds 'll move their calves soon
Up frae the bracken's bonnie green
To yon blue heights that float aboon;
Nae snaws the tops an' corries croon;
Cragg whaur the eagle lifts his kills
Blink i' the gowden afternoon;
It's summer noo in a' the hills!

The heather sleeps frae morn till e'en
Braw in her reed-an'-purple goon;
Sax weeks it wants or stags be clean
An' gang wi' thickenin' manes an' broun,
Waitin' the cauld October moon
When a' the roarin' brae-face fills—
Ye've heard yon wild, wanchancy tune?

It's summer noo in a' the hills!

Yet blaws a soupin' breeze an' keen;
We're wearit for it whiles in toun,
An' I wad be whaur I hae been
In Autumn's blast or heats o' June
Up on the quiet forest groon,
Friens wi' the sun, or shoor that

chills,
Watchin' the beasts gang up an' doon;
It's summer noo in a' the hills!

ENVOY.

Mountains o' deer, ye ca' a loon
Fra streets an' sic-like stoury ills
Wi' thankfu' heart an' easy shoon;
It's summer noo in a' the hills!

A Little-noticed Feature of the Coronation.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury and the other bishops moved from the altar with the crown, and as the Archbishop placed it on the King's head all the peers and kings-of-arms raised their cornets with both hands and placed them on their heads."—*Natal Mercury*.



Nurse. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU SEND FOR THE DOCTOR AT ONCE? BABY-HAS FALLEN OUT OF HIS CO., AND MISTRESS IS AFRAID HE WON'T GET OVER IT."

The Colonel (who has been relating some of his Indian experiences to a friend, and cannot at a moment's notice abandon the hero's vein). "TUT! TUT! TELL YOUR MISTRESS NOT TO WORRY ABOUT A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT. WE TRESHAMS DON'T DIE AS EASILY AS THAT, YOU KNOW."

PULVERISING THE PEERS.

By METAPHOR.

[From a torn manuscript picked up in Stone-cutter Street, E.C., and evidently intended for a Radical contemporary.]

WHEN is the curtain going to fall on this intolerable farce? The first Act, we confess, was amusing enough, but surely LANSDOWNE and his wretched troupe of performing pierrots must realize that an audience however good-natured is apt to get out of hand.

This preposterous horde of besotted old gentlemen has been at the wickets long enough. Time and again the umpire has given them out, but with consummate insolence they refuse to go. A way must be found to *make* them go, and we are in a position to say that a way *has* been found.

The two recent elections have put Mr. ASQUITH in the position of two up. He and his team are playing the game of their lives. Their driving, approaching and putting are well-nigh perfect. LANSDOWNE and his horde of antiquated fozzlers can do nothing right

and have visited every bunker on the course. Let them beware of the bunker guarding the 18th green! The race is practically over. As we write, our gallant leader is stroking his men to victory. The crew behind him is full of confidence and row as one man. Three lengths behind, stroke in the new "Referendum" boat is attempting a final spurt, but the bloated lordlings are unable to respond and are already tasting the bitter cup of defeat. We poor, common, vulgar people can afford to smile at the tactics of these hereditary humbugs, but checkmate is not very far off now. Mr. ASQUITH has the game well in hand, and can at any moment convert his past pawns into as many queens as he deems sufficient.

The last hand in the rubber has been dealt. LANSDOWNE has declared "No trumps," but Mr. ASQUITH holds the four aces, and if these are not sufficient as many more as are required will be forthcoming.

The lords remind us of nothing so much as a lot of loutish children playing at "Last across." It is a

dangerous game, and the motor-car invariably claims its victim in the end.

In a Rugby match the spectators weary of too much kicking. The Parliament Bill has been kicked about long enough. Mr. ASQUITH has got the ball at last, and we shall be surprised if he does not ground it behind the posts this time. We feel assured that the try will be converted and . . .

"Some of the Nottingham visitors last week were so pleased with Trinity Church that they took away samples of the varnish on their clothes."

"Some of the recent visitors to Huntingdon were so pleased with one of the churches of the town that they took away samples of the varnish on their clothes."—*Hunts County News*.

It's a good joke, and we shall look forward to some more of it next week. Its possibilities have by no means been exhausted.

"RECORD AT EDINBURGH. The seismograph at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh, recorded a slight earthquake shock."—*Scotsman*.

Congratulations. We hope the thermometer works all right too.



Sandy, the local fox-destroyer (enquiring about new tenant). "WHAT'S HE WHEN HE'S AT HOME?"

Gillie. "THEY TELL ME HE DOES NAETHING BUT HUNT FOXES; KEEPS SAKTY DOGS AND TWENTY HORSES FOR 'T."

Sandy. "LOSH ME! IT MAUN BE A FINE TRADE DOON THERE."

Lines to a Statue at Leeds.

EDWARD the Black Prince (and I do not wonder,
In this dark haunt of misery and gloom,
Where everything is black as skies that thunder,
And greatly needing your ancestral broom),
EDWARD, I say, look down upon my woes,
Stop pointing at the square with hand and toes,
And tell me why on earth they want to close
Their railway buffet-room.

Did you imagine when you fought at Crécy,
And gave the chivalry of France a shock,
And won those spurs that make you look so dressy,
Hewn out of silent stone by Mr. Brock,
That ever Englishman on English strand,
After the fights you fought, the deeds you planned,
Would feel so empty just about the band
At half-past four o'clock?

At half-past four A.M. There sits the trouble;
And ninety minutes ere my train is due,
And both my eyes fulfilled with Yorkshire rubble,
Watching the grey dawn brighten into blue.
On lingering feet the leaden moments run,
O'er the grim town another day's begun,
And, EDWARD, I should like a currant bun,
And cannot get it. Ugh!

Victor of Poitiers—born in 1330
(I get these items from a graven scroll)—

Could you have seen a bard, so faint and dirty,
Come from so far, so distant from his goal,
O flower of courtesy, O perfect knight,
Upholder of the People and their Right,
And not have helped him, say, with just a bite
Out of a breakfast-roll?

No; yet in 1911
So little is your life-work understood
That hapless wayfarers may shriek to heaven
For sandwiches, and do no earthly good.
Now, when the latest Prince who bears your name
Is called of Wales and feels his fathers' fame,
The country that you loved permits this shame;
Where, where is knighthood?

When I survey your monumental figure
And feel the hollow where my own has shrunk,
Almost I fancy that you still have vigour,
That spirit breathes again behind your trunk,
Ah! if it did, I know that you would take
Out of your stone cuirass a Norman cake
Not other than the kind our railways bake
And hand me down a chunk.

EVOE.

Alpine Effort in High Life.

"Amongst those presented were:—Mrs. Bagwell, by the Duchess of St. Albans; Miss Bagwell, by her mother; Lady Butler (of Bانشا Castle), by Lady Dunsany; Mrs. Carden. They were tightly roped together."—*Colonel Chronicle*.

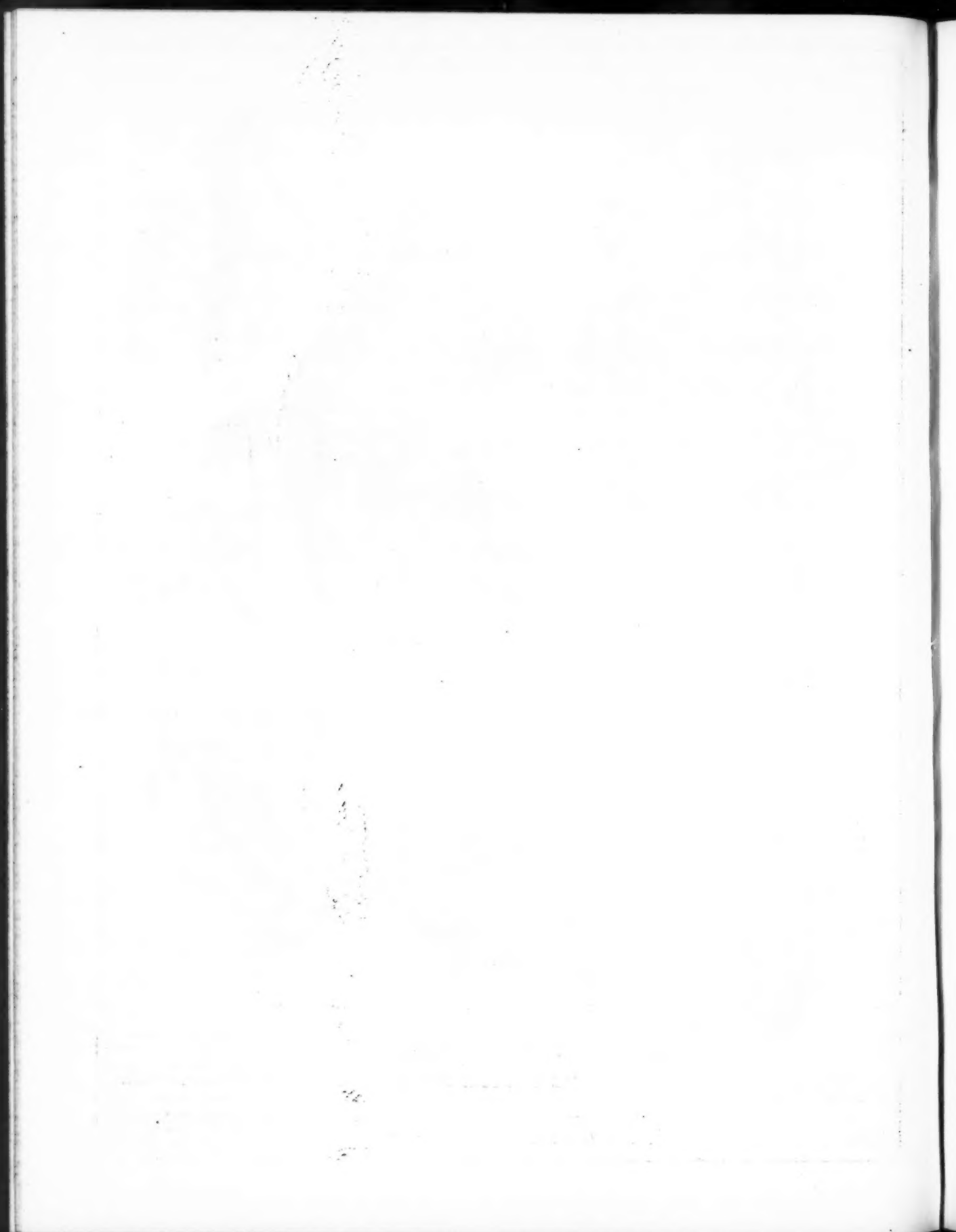
If this means ice-work, it must have been very refreshing during the hot spell.



WANTED—A WARRANTY.

CHIEF MINISTERIAL WHIP. "I CAN RAISE THE CORONETS ALL RIGHT; BUT I CAN'T ANSWER FOR THE 'NORMAN BLOOD.'"

PRIME MINISTER. "NEVER MIND THE 'NORMAN BLOOD'; IT'S THE 'KIND HEARTS' AND THE 'SIMPLE FAITH' THAT I'M WORRYING ABOUT."





RETURN OF THE PARLIAMENT BILL.

(A Vision suggested by a visit to the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden.—MM. Nijinsky-Winston, Lloyd-Georgewitch, and Ivan Redmouki receive their old love Mme. Karsavina-Vetoloptoff after rather a poor time elsewhere.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 17.

—Looking over volume of Parliamentary report a century old, read that on 10th April, 1811, "Lord FOLKSTONE [*sic*] called the attention of the House to the scarcity of small change." If his Lordship were still with us, as happily the holder of his name (with an "e" added midway) is, he would find no ground for repetition of his complaint. Small change abounds. There are eighty-eight pieces, chiefly three-penny bits, represented in the questions addressed to-day to Ministers and painstakingly answered. With few exceptions a look in at the office of the Department concerned, and a couple of minutes' conversation with the Secretary or Head Clerk, would satisfy in full measure genuine desire for information. But if that course were adopted where would be the opportunity of getting for nothing the bold advertisement of newspaper report of the Question hour?

Ministers evade waste of valuable

time in various ways. EDWARD GREY habitually stays away, not to be disturbed in his task of framing valuable international treaties by knowledge



"HOBHOUSE, MAID-OF-ALL-WORK."

that MCKINNON WOOD is being shot at in the Commons. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER regards with equal equanimity HOBHOUSE upright by the brass-bound box in attitude of what Lord HALSBURY would call "a sort of" Saint Sebastian transfixed by flight of interrogatory arrows.

For Ministers who personally stand the racket or others who have the work delegated to them, thing to do is to rattle out reply in quickest fashion, regardless of rhyme or reason or the absolute impossibility of audience following sequence of sentences. In this competition CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND and FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY triumphantly hold their place in the first flight. SEELY makes a promising third. But his practice is less extensive. Since NAPOLEON B. HALDANE went to the St. Helena of House of Lords, interest in War Office business distinctly declined. HOBHOUSE, Maid-of-all-Work on Treasury Bench, to whom most chiefs of departments when temporarily absent delegate the task of reading their answers, has the largest practice.

To-day, of eighty-eight questions on paper, he replied to twenty-one, chiefly addressed to CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on minute details of Insurance Bill. Approaching the Table, bringing his sheaves with him in form of foolscap sheets closely type-written, he occasionally introduced diversion by accidentally mixing up his bundle, reading in answer to question addressed to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER reply type-written at the Board of Trade. But what would you? FINANCIAL SECRETARY has to get through his job in short as possible time by Westminster clock, and he does it.

No one can touch BIRRELL at his best. He is sole possessor of the secret of pronouncing in a breath six words as if they were one. It sounds something like this: "Result of full enquiry made is—" Looks strange when it comes to be printed. Since outside Ireland the CHIEF SECRETARY'S answers are not reported, no practical difficulty arises and there is appreciable saving of time. BIRRELL has brought this modern parliamentary art to such perfection that before the Member who puts the question has resumed his seat he has raced through a couple of lines of reply. To the thirteen questions, most of them dealing with multiplicity of local points, addressed to him to-day, he reeled off full answers in seven minutes thirty-nine seconds.

Business done.—Insurance Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Initial difficulty with Statesmen and others promoted to the peerage is to find appropriate title. BYLES OF BRADFORD will be spared that trouble. With apt alliteration's artful aid, one has for considerable period in advance been provided for him.

Pretty to see how unconsciously his manner already merges into that of the Peer who boasts Norman Blood. Charming illustration afforded this afternoon. His Lordship—I mean Sir WILLIAM—is exercised in his mind by appointment of KITCHENER to government of Egypt. Nomination long talked of; has been officially confirmed; the news made text for comment in multifarious newspapers. Ordinary Member desiring to extract final confirmation from mouth of FOREIGN SECRETARY would have put the question forthright: "Is the statement put forward by the Press true or not?"

That form of interrogation, well enough for the common or garden

M.P., out of drawing, so to speak, with present and approximate position of BYLES OF BRADFORD. It obviously involves personal familiarity with penny newspapers. Is not free from suspicion of secret consultation with halfpenny oracles. Noble Lords and PRINCE ARTHUR don't read the papers. Nor does BYLES OF BRADFORD. Accordingly, when he feels it his duty to interpose he places on the paper notice "to ask the SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS if anyone has been designated to succeed the late Sir ELDON GORST in Egypt; and if the office of Consul-General is regarded by the Foreign Office as a civil or a military appointment?"

Strolling round the annexe to Westminster Abbey, which BANBURY aptly suggests should be retained in the service of the State as a vestibule of the

had been too much for both of them.

Business done.—Insurance Bill again in Committee, making progress sure but slow.

Friday.—Under date, 6th of April last, at the time when the Mansion House Committee appointed to select suitable site for London Memorial to KING EDWARD had been warned off St. James' Park and were forlornly looking elsewhere, the following entry appeared in this veracious chronicle:—

"That is no reason why a memorial which the nation desires to see erected to the honour of a great King should not find a place in the scenes he loved so well.

"Like Popkin in one of DIZZY'S early speeches, like General TROCHU at the siege of Paris, the MEMBER FOR SARK has his 'plan.' Why not set the memorial up in the Green Park, in the broad thoroughfare at present uselessly confined to foot-passengers, and convert this into a carriage highway? The monument would be seen of all men, whilst a carriage drive connecting the foot of Constitution Hill with Piccadilly would be an immense boon to busy Londoners. FIRST COMMISSIONER and his colleagues on Memorial Committee might think this over."

They did with happy issue. Reported that, reassembling after three months' recess, they have decided to recommend as the best of all sites this particular spot. In submitting resolution to that effect LORD

MAYOR stated that the recommendation had the approval of the Government, that "His Majesty the KING would consider it an acceptable proposition, and Her Majesty QUEEN ALEXANDRA would also graciously approve."

SARK ventures to hope that the Committee will not stop halfway in acceptance of his suggestion. It would be a pity if opportunity were lost of utilising this splendid thoroughfare for public traffic, confined, of course, to the lighter class of vehicle.

Business done.—LORD CHANCELLOR was to have been called over the coals to-day in the matter of appointment of magistrates. His colleagues on Treasury Bench considerably thought it better he should not be subjected to the ordeal whilst battling with crisis in other House. Appeal made to Members in charge of Vote of Censure generously met. Rod temporarily retained in pickle, and sitting given up to Indian High Courts Bill.



FLYING THROUGH "QUESTIONS."

"No one can touch BIRRELL at his best."

House of Lords for the convenience of New Peers, B. of B. heard a rumour that something of the kind indicated in his question was to the fore. EDWARD GREY, by exception in his place to answer momentous enquiry in person, confirmed the report.

Standing now on safe ground, officially assured of facts of case, BYLES OF BRADFORD delivered weighty opinion upon its bearings.

"Would it not be better," he asked the FOREIGN SECRETARY, "to keep our soldiers to their proper jobs? Is not all the money we have spent in making a soldier of Lord KITCHENER running to waste?"

This last query was put with subtle but unmistakable indication of considering the problem from point of view of an expert examining a prize pig or a fatted calf. FOREIGN SECRETARY made feeble effort to explain away the New Consul-General. Impression left was that BYLES OF BRADFORD

HOT WEATHER DELICACIES.

A NICE CUP.—Dissolve an acid drop (or bull's-eye) in three or four gallons of drinking water. Add ice until the water is quite cold; then serve. This simple cup is a capital thing for children's parties, and is a great favourite with the little ones.

FROZEN RAREBIT.—MakesomeWelsh rarebits in the usual manner with toast and cheese. When nicely done, remove from oven, and place in refrigerator till ready. This dainty is just the thing for bachelor parties and informal gatherings where reporters are not present.

POTAGE POLAIRE.—Prepare some soup with stock, vegetables and seasoning. When ready, place in freezing machine until the thermometer, when immersed in the preparation, marks 32° (Fahrenheit), or thereabouts. Sprinkle with Chili pepper, and serve.

RED MULLET À LA BONNE FEMME.—Place a red mullet on a gridiron; hang it in a cool draughty place, and fan, until the fish has lost its unwholesome ruddy glow. It is then ready. The congratulations of the assembled gourmets will repay the housewife for the trouble involved in preparing this delicious plat.

JACKET POTATOES.—Cut some pieces of felt to fit each potato; sew up, and place under shower-bath until dinner-bell rings. Serve with cold chisel and salt to taste. This little known method of preparing the savoury tuber has only to be tried to be appreciated.

BATH OLIVERS CHAPPED.—Soak some Bath Olivers in running water for two or three minutes; partially dry and suspend in north-east wind for twenty-four hours. They should then be ready. Make a V-shaped depression in some cold cream, open doors and windows, and serve.

SWISS ROLL FARCI.—Procure a dozen doughnuts, remove jam from such as contain any, and inject condensed milk; garnish with edelweiss and serve with wood-wind accompaniment. When your guests are ready, turn on electric fans, and begin.

CONSOMMÉ AU DÉPART.—Shred a cucumber, and stand in a bucket of cold water till ready. Strain, and serve in nearest Tube station. This simple preparation will make almost any dinner party go off.

The Descent to Man.

From an advt. of a circus:

"Teddy will talk, wrestle, and drink till he becomes intoxicated. The almost human intelligence shown by this Bear is beyond comprehension."



Archie. "I'VE BEEN TAKIN' A COURSE OF MEMORY-TRAININ'. IT'S A WONDERFUL SYSTEM—DOUBLED MY MEMORY-POWER IN A MONTH."

Friend. "REALLY. WHAT'S THE NAME OF IT?"

Archie. "OH—ER—DASH IT, IT'S SLIPPED ME FOR THE MOMENT; BUT IT'S NEAR—ER—YOU KNOW—WHAT'S HIS NAME'S IN THINGUMMY STREET."

A CODE FROM PATAGONIA.

The Spectator in a learned review on Folklore incidentally quotes the Fuegian holophrase "mamihlapinatapai" as meaning "looking - at - each - other - hoping - that - either - will - offer - to - do - something - which - both - parties - desire - but - are - unwilling - to - do." Well, if the Fuegians are capable of expressing so compendiously a *nuance* like that, they have hitherto been strangely neglected in the spheres of politics and diplomacy. They ought to come over here and give lessons in St. Stephen's. We should also be obliged if the sachems of the Land of Fire would supply us with the *mot juste*

on the Morocco conversations—some little terse ejaculation to signify "If - you - French - and - Spanish - with - a - hornet's - nest - intermeddle - then - shall - we - frontier - compensation - want." And there is the W.S.P.U., too, who generally have a lot to say, and would like to squeeze a whole manifesto into a war-cry. Will some Fuegian pundit, therefore, oblige with a whoop to indicate "If - you - don't - agree - to - our - demands - directly - minute - we - will - stagger - humanity - and - don't - you - forget - it - by - some - outrageous - proceeding - which - we - have - not - at - the - moment - exactly - hit - upon?" We are rather tired of the hollow phrases at present in fashion.

THE WALKING TOUR.

"WHERE shall we finish to-day?" said Joseph as he inspected the customary dish of eggs and bacon.

"Well, we haven't even begun breakfast yet," said Herbert. "There's no hurry. Let's breakfast and smoke and think about it. And isn't this the worst bacon you ever put a fork into? When I think of the ripping bacon I got at home, all thin and streaky and delicious, it makes me want to cry."

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow," said Joseph.

"Oh, bother your crowns of sorrow," said Herbert. "That's no excuse for the bacon."

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow," continued Joseph, "is remembering happier bacon."

"Of all the futile remarks," protested Herbert, "that's about the most futile. However I don't want to start quarrelling. You'll do all that's wanted in that line before the day's done. Shove over the tea-pot, there's a good chap."

"It says that *The Green Man* at Oxtable is 'a hostelry noted for its good cheer'"—Joseph was reading from a guide-book.

"Yes, but it is also said that the rotten place we're breakfasting at was celebrated for its old-fashioned comfort. Think of the supper we had last night. Think of the beds. Think of this breakfast."

"Oh, eat your breakfast," said Joseph, "and don't talk so much about it. You seem to expect to find a Ritz or a Carlton in every village."

"Now that just shows how little you know about me. I've never been in the Ritz or the Carlton. The smart set's too smart for me. I daresay you like it; I don't. All I want is a decent bed and good food plainly cooked."

"This man," said Joseph, looking at the ceiling, "wants his beds plainly cooked."

"Yes," said Herbert, "and if you were plainly cooked too it might knock some of the nonsense out of you."

There was an interval of silent munching. Then Joseph began again:—

"I've been thinking about you," he said, "and I've been wondering how we ever came to start on this walking tour together."

"You've been wondering, have you?" said Herbert. "I'm simply lost in amazement. What in the world induced me to be such a consummate fool I can't make out."

"Induced!" said Joseph. "There was no inducement about it. Nature did it for you. Of course you may have helped a bit, but—"

"I suppose," said Herbert, "you know what you're doing. You're calling me a consummate fool."

"That's what you called yourself. I'm only agreeing with you; but it's difficult to satisfy some people."

"I don't want any of your agreements, and I can do without your satisfactions. If I am a fool, at any rate I don't try to pose as a genius. Some people like that kind of thing. I don't. A plain Englishman's good enough for me."

"Quite the contrary," said Joseph. "You were a grubby little boy, of course, but you're rather a handsome man. There's something about your forehead and eyes—"

"Now that," said Herbert, "is quite the silliest old joke in the world. And if I was a grubby little boy, what were you? A dandified little jackanapes with his hair parted in the middle. It's all parting now."

"Come, come," said Joseph, "we'll leave our hideous pasts and our disreputable presents alone. If we squabble like this we shall never get on with the tour, and then what would our friends say? Where shall we finish our walk to-day?"

"Oh, anywhere you like," said Herbert, "so long as we get away from this place."

Joseph dipped into the guide-book again.

"I vote for Oxtable," he said; "it's only fifteen miles, and we ought to have a light day to-day. 'Lightly come, and lightly go,' you know."

"Is that another rubbishy quotation?" said Herbert. "Because if it is I want you to understand that I'm not the man to knuckle under to a quotation. My boots are all right; my feet are in splendid condition, and I'm out to do twenty miles to-day. It's absurd to do anything less than twenty miles a day on a walking tour. Fifteen miles! Pooh!"

"You were keen enough to stop five miles short of this yesterday, anyhow," said Joseph viciously.

"Only because you kept on complaining about your big toe. I should be ashamed to have a toe like that."

"Don't you fling my toe in my face," said Joseph. "It's a better toe than any of yours even when it's got a blister on it."

"That's a mere gratuitous insult," said Herbert. "I'll back my toes against yours any day of the week, one down t'other come on. I'm going to walk twenty miles to-day."

"Why not start now? Walk two and a half miles out and two and a half back here. I'll wait for you, and then we can really start and do the fifteen to Oxtable."

"A nice genial companion I've got," said Herbert. "No, we'll start together, and, as you're feeling so feeble to-day, we'll finish at Oxtable. But that's the last concession I'll make."

ON A SUPERABUNDANCE OF HAIRPINS.

WHEN little wintering birds do scour the woods

And cannot find the sweet accustomed grub,

Nor any veg. nor yet fruitarian foods

Wherewith to loose their note,

So then my pipe oft chokes within its stub

For lack of pins to prick the diphtheritic throat.

But now the months of plenty bring their store

To swell the song that speaks a grateful crop,

And I can smoke a pipe of purer bore,

With wreaths of fragrance crowned;

For lo! where buds and stricken vestas drop,

There do these handy little bifurcates abound.

In some, the lustier virtues make a show;

Others of dainty, sylph-like wriggles boast,

And all with daffodils and daisies grow

From earth's most secret fire;

Desired of girls, they grace the smoker most,

Whether he puffs a clay or sucks a juicy briar.

I often find them by a rustic seat,

Peeping from out the adjacent dust and stones,

Just where at dusk of evening lovers meet

And tenderly embrace;

Neaera, turning home for supper, moans

Her disarrayed locks and pats them into place.

So from the surplus stock of Summer's gift

I hope to keep unsullied one or two

For future use, and thus by dint of thrift

Tide o'er the time of dearth

When ceremonious winter lays taboo

On all the frolic rites that tend the hairpin's birth.

"To-morrow is the butchers' and bakers' holiday in Edinburgh. It should be understood that this holiday does not apply to drapery establishments."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

Heavens, we quite thought it did.



Rising Junior. "Now, MY GOOD SOUL, WHAT IS THE NATURE OF YOUR BUSINESS OR TRADE?"
Dear Old Fraud (coily). "THROWIN' CONFETTI AT WEDDIN'S, SIR."

CLOTHES AND THE ALTRUIST.

By CÆSAR'S WIFE'S HUSBAND.

As I always endeavour to point out in this column, it is not manners which maketh man, as old WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM so ungrammatically insisted, but clothes. I can prove it in an instant. Take the most perfect-mannered man you can think of—the very Bayard of daily life—strip him naked and put him in Society, and where is he? Of what use are his wonderful man-making manners then? None. No, manners are all very well, all very necessary and charming, no doubt; but there are two things against them. One is that they are no use until you are dressed; and the other is that they are gratuitous and therefore do not lead (as clothes do) to healthy competition.

* * * * *

One of the strangest things about men's clothes is that your little tailor can sometimes cut better than your swagger one. There is a curious and capricious chance in these matters. It is like genius in, let us say, literature or art. It often flowers in the least expected places, and its practitioners are not invariably important-looking or even clean. I do not for a moment wish to suggest that Mr. Thomas Snipling, of 2,001, High Holborn, is in so small a way of business as to be despicable. Far from it. But at the

first blush one would hardly expect that behind his modest shop-window lurked a sartorial artist of extraordinary gifts. Yet so it is. Mr. Snipling's three-guinea suits of Cheviot, Angora or Gamp tweeds are a marvel. My advice to every one of my readers this week—is to give Mr. Snipling a trial.

* * * * *

To some extent these remarks may be applied also to footwear. It is not always the dearest and classiest boots that are the best or that look the best. It is perfectly possible to find here and there a small but conscientious boot-maker whose results are equal to those of Bond Street, say, at a third of the cost. I have been asked—that is to say, I should like purely out of a passion for the good and the true—to recommend Mr. Arthur Bailey of 49^B, Cheapside, whose boots are not only dressy and attractive, but fit like anything, and confer upon the wearer dignity and charm. What I say then to my readers is, Make haste to visit Mr. Bailey and, if possible, do so between now and the next issue of this paper.

"Lady wishes to dispose of her genuine, old Pinxton Tea Set, which, by a curious coincidence, is purely in the suffrage colours."

Advt. in "Votes for Women."

Can the advertiser be Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD!

"Grammar School Sports.

The winners of the aggregate prizes at the Portsmouth Grammar School Sports to-day were as follows:—

1. Field (18pts.); 2. Hire (13pts.)
 High Jump.—W. Canfield, Yale, 1st, 5ft. 11½in.; A. C. Barker, Harvard, 2nd, 5ft. 10½in.

The case was adjourned.

In the Edge Competition, M. Blood totals for the first two distances 48 and 50."

Portsmouth Evening News.

A busy day for the young scholars.

In the plan of the Universities and Public Schools Athletic Club which has reached us, we observe an enclosure devoted to a "Football Pitch." No space, however, has been assigned for a Cricket Links, a Covered Aviation Court, a Skittles Tank, a Circular Archery Track, a Chess Alley, a Clock Croquet Green, a Snooker Bath, a Lacrosse Dedans, a Deer-Stalking Pavilion, a Pelota Salon, a Hockey Range, or a Water-Polo Rink. These are grave omissions.

Military Correspondence.

"BATTERY COMMANDER." You ask what you ought to do when the baggage of an attached Territorial officer on mobilization is found to consist of a case of champagne and two large boxes labelled with the name of a well-known firm of picnic-caterers. The answer is: Grin, and share it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I NEVER read a story I agreed with less and enjoyed more than *The Glory of Clementina Wing* (JOHN LANE). I could not bring myself to love the unkempt artist who smoked cheap cigarettes and wore a smudge of paint on her cheek, notwithstanding all the magnificent qualities of which Mr. W. J. LOCKE informed me she was undoubtedly possessed. Still less could I believe that this *Clementina* could on occasion burst out of ugliness and disarray into instant beauty and fine feathers of the latest mode, thereby defeating in the struggle for a man's soul an expert, almost professional, seductress. For myself, I was completely charmed with the latter and lent her all my sympathy from the first: and so would the author himself have done but for his set purpose of glorifying *Miss Wing*. Thus much for our disagreement. As to the joy of it, I have only to say that the book is in the author's easiest and most brilliant vein, and that he has excelled himself in his *Dr. Quixtus*, a good man driven to disgust by a heavy dose of human treachery and so setting out in search of a course of conduct vicious and diabolical enough whereby to avenge himself on a vile and deceitful world. I leave you to find out for yourself (and that only by reading the whole story) how the searcher fares, hinting merely that you will be often and always surprised into irresistible laughter, and will make the unusual and pleasurable discovery that a confirmed optimist can speak with a sharp tongue from the clearest insight.

I discovered (and I think it was rather clever of me because the acknowledgment is in small print and at the bottom of a page) that Mr. MAX PEMBERTON is grateful to various journals for permission to reproduce the stories which are collected in *The Summer Book*; and I wish to add my gratitude not only to the editors but also to the author. Presumably this book gets its title because it is suitable for consumption in hot weather; at any rate I read it from cover to cover (excluding Messrs. MILLS AND BOON's copious advertisements) under a broiling sun and did not even stop for so little as a tea-interval. Mr. PEMBERTON is not a master of the short-story, but nevertheless he is sufficiently inventive and original to give his readers an attractive run for their money. I beg those who begin with the first tale, and fail to like it, to believe that it is infinitely the worst of the collection. Mr. JACOBS might have succeeded in the difficult task of making fun out of drunkenness, but in Mr. PEMBERTON's hands "*The Trip to Jerusalem*" is an absurdity and a vulgar one. "*Joie-de-Loup*" and "*The Nigger*" are, however, specimens of the author's skill when he is at the very top of his game. The one shows an intimate knowledge of a child's mind, and

the other introduces us to a most dashing amateur detective (feminine). It must, perhaps, be pardoned to such an enthusiastic motorist as Mr. PEMBERTON that on page 22 *Dr. Seagrove* drove to the Manor Gardens in a dog-cart, and that on the following page we read, "*Seagrove* sprang out of his car anyhow."

I think we may fairly assume that Mr. RANDAL CHARLTON, the author of *The Bewildered Bride* (EVELEIGH NASH), knows and admires his MEREDITH. Certainly there is internal evidence to this effect. "In the High Court of Life the action brought by Bosoms against Business makes the most vivacious suit in a dull cause list" was what *Mr. Hillary St. Ann* (note the name!) scribbled in his common-place book *à propos* of the love affairs of his cousin *Harry* and *Amy Meadows*. For further proof, we have the pair eloping, with *Hillary's* assistance, and detained at a wayside inn, where they are mothered by the sentimentally-minded proprietress, one *Mrs. Blunt*—surely

a distant connection of the deathless *Berry*. To tell what further happens at this same inn would be to give away the secret of the book; but it may safely be said that it is sufficiently startling to explain the title. As a matter of fact, *Amy* was perhaps not so much bewildered as angry, and I can't say I blame her. Mr. CHARLTON, in his preface, wants me to believe that the story is one of actual happenings; which indeed it very well may be. What is much more important is that it is brightly and dramatically told, despite the somewhat sententious

aphorisms of *Hillary*. A graver defect of taste is the obviously deliberate gusto with which the author accentuates the more Elizabethan episodes in his not always quite pleasant plot. As the parent wrote to the Board-School teacher on the subject of anatomy, "It isn't necessary—and besides it's rude!"

Reader, you have spells of boredom,
Dismal blanks when all is blue,
Times when, could you but afford 'em,
You'd give pounds for something new.
That's your case. If you admit it,
CHAPMAN (not to mention HALL)
Has a remedy to fit it,
Clever, brisk, original.
Service yarns—that's what the cure is—
Mixed with humour, spiced with wit;
Taken sitting. MAJOR DRURY'S
Long Bow and Broad Arrow's it.

"The King has been pleased to grant a salute of fifteen guns to Maharaja Sri Sri Sri Sri Sri Sir Ugyen Wangchuk of Bhutan as a hereditary distinction."—*Daily Mail*.

One of the men we shall not introduce to our friends.



THINGS WE HAVE NEVER SEEN.
A FARMER COMPLETELY SATISFIED WITH THE WEATHER.